You Will Be My Only Witness

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You Will Be My Only Witness

by BananaButterBoy

Summary

Hannibal has a crush. A "killer" crush if you "Will."

It was funnier in my head and would make more sense if I could put italics so just pretend that they're there.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal squinted his eyes as he awoke, the sun shining through a slightly opened curtain. He rubbed his face and got ready to get up for the day as much as he would have loved to lay there for the next couple hours. Several appointments with several poor souls for the next couple days and then a meeting with Jack. There was also a new target he intended to take out before bed tonight.

After getting dressed and a nice cup of coffee he decided to open up Tattlecrime. He loved seeing the reactions to his pieces. The latest one being someone who practically terrorized a poor waiter at a recent local charity event he had attended. The fool was stuffed with silverware and posed with all the glasses of champagne he wanted so badly.
He scrolled some more and his eyes widened at one of the newest headlines. “Another Loving Kill By Hera's Disciple!”

Hera's Disciple. A killer that had appeared 5 years ago with a pension for those that cheated on their mates. Each kill was the same. The body was found laying like bodies do at funerals with the heart missing and instead replaced with photos of the lover's betrayal. That however was never what killed them.

The killing blow was always the same. The mating gland on the victim's neck brutally ripped away. Hannibal snickered to himself. Like many cases he had been approached for his insight. The fools at the FBI never let go of the hypothesis of a weapon and thus dedicated their search to finding one, but Hannibal knew better. That was a bite. A brutal bite akin to that of a predatory animal.

And Hannibal was absolutely besotted.

He both loved and hated the name Freddie Lounds had given his love. It was yet another corny attempt to capitalize on tragedy, but it was also poetic in a way. Unlike Hera, a goddess who punished mortals instead of her cheating husband because he was a powerful God, her anger was concentrated into a mortal who took down those who thought themselves Gods.

Pitiful individuals who played with people's love uncaring of consequence. The least damage being a broken heart with the most being a child thrown brutally into life's horrid gamble with an unfair hand.

He had been conducting his own investigation to find them for himself. There was something that intrigued him. It didn't help that the first time he arrived at a scene he found himself in a rut not long after. He didn't care if they were an Alpha, Beta, or Omega, male or female.

He wanted. He craved.

He had even dedicated some of his tableaus to the killer hoping they would see, similar to a schoolboy sliding an anonymous love letter into their crush's locker hoping upon hope that they would somehow know it was him. The Alpha had offered them a home in him. Presenting his ability to protect and provide by taking down those that abused their mates and children and showing what he could of his culinary skill through their bodies via poses and props.

He often wondered what they thought of them or even if they had seen them. Did they appreciate the art that he did? Did they see him as he saw them? A beautified beast that lived beyond human comprehension forced into a person suit to satisfy the masses.

He tried his best to shake from his reverie. He had to prepare for clients and his latest target. It wouldn't do to be unfocused in either line of work.

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Hannibal's finger tapped on his steering wheel, the only sign to illustrate his impatience. His target was Harold Lawrence. A man who was known for drugging mostly female Omegas at bars to bring home and violate in his and his mate's bed when she went away on her business trips. The woman worked hard to provide for her and her unfaithful, unemployed, and unhelpful husband. She was unfortunately forced to stay, trapped by their bond. It was truly a wonder how the woman hadn’t died from bond sickness with how unattentive the man was. With this act she would be free and Hannibal would have another lovely courting gift for his love.

He tensed as he saw the familiar brown leather jacket he had been studying for the past week leave the dingy bar. The Alpha had a woman on his arm already starting to wobble and lean on him for support. From what little he could see she was a tall blond in a pretty red dress, teetering on unsteady feet wearing tall uncomfortable looking high heels. Harold pulled her into his crappy grey car and proceeded to drive off not realizing the sleek black vehicle following silently behind.

They wound up in the suburbs, Hannibal parking a good few blocks away. The moon was high and the night was late. He wandered through the dark like a cat. Completely silent and invisible to anyone who may have been up a tad late. From the bushes he saw the creep carry the blond woman into the house. He crept closer and was pleased to find that, due to a horny haze, the idiot had forgotten to lock the door behind him.

The house was luckily covered in plush carpet so his footsteps were mostly muted. He waited in silence until he heard the shutting of a door meaning his target had made it to the bedroom and thus was completely trapped. Hannibal stepped up the stairs and down the hall. Slowly he reached for the doorknob when a sudden sound made him freeze in his tracks.

A short scream followed by a creeping quiet.

A scream that was far too deep to have come from a woman.

He opened the door ever so slightly as quietly as possible to peer inside. He could practically feel his pupils dilate at the sight before him.

The blond woman was tearing into “poor” Harold’s throat. She was consuming his mating gland completely raw, the man's eyes staring unseeing right at Hannibal. The Omega was ravenous in her pursuit of flesh and Hannibal marveled at how beautiful she looked in blood. After a few swallows her meal was finished and she proceeded to get up and properly place the body in the usual position for the kills of Hera’s Disciple.

Blue plastic gloves were slid on with a satisfying snap. A knife and a few photos were pulled out of a red purse and Hannibal watched Hera's Disciple work, completely enraptured. She carved with expertise, taking the heart and putting the photos inside the cavern left behind. The heart was gently put in a plastic bag when suddenly the woman froze.

Very rarely did Hannibal ever feel fear, but there was an undeniable shiver he felt when the woman turned to look directly at him. Bright blue eyes widened. In response he fully opened the door and walked in. There was no point in hiding after all and he didn’t dare run. Both stared in an odd stand off not really knowing what to do. It was clear the killer knew her witness was yet another killer. She had studied Harold Lawrence for a solid week for her plan. The man before her was not a regular of the neighborhood nor a common character in Harold’s life.

After a few beats Hannibal finally had the courage to say something. “It’s you.” She smiled. “It is me indeed. So handsome, what does Freddie call you?” He was struck odd by the Omega woman's voice.

It was lovely, but fake.

He gave a small bow, “The Chesapeake Ripper at your service.” He felt a heat pool in his gut at the responding purr he received. “Who knew the Chesapeake Ripper was so handsome. I'm going to guess poor Harold was on your list too?” Hannibal could only nod and Hera's Disciple gave a soft laugh. “Aww sorry. Was he gonna be another gift for little old me?”

Hannibal gasped, completely called out. She gave another soft laugh. “How about you help me clean up and we'll talk lover boy?” Hannibal gave another mute nod as he caught a packet of wipes she threw him.The blond walked over to the closet grabbing some of the victim's clothes. She then walked to a corner of the room, turning her back to Hannibal to hide a coy grin.

“You mind unzipping me? I love this dress, but I'm afraid it's gotta go.” Her grin widened at the practically audible gulp and stood still as the zipper went down. Her next words, to the Alpha’s surprise, sounded somewhat sad. “Hope you're not too disappointed darlin.”

Before Hannibal could say anything she undressed to put on the dead man’s old clothes and it became very clear very fast that she was in fact a he. The Alpha was almost too in shock by the Omega’s bold move to undress in front of him that he almost didn’t notice. The blond hair was pulled off to reveal brown curls and everything from that to the shoes was thrown into a

brown paper bag. After fully dressed he turned and crossed his arms. “Still like what ya see darlin?” he asked now using his real voice.

Hannibal did his absolute best to stay composed.

He liked what he saw even more.

The man was gorgeous. A combined sculpture of feminine beauty and male masculinity with a slight lean towards the latter. The curls softly bounced when he moved and his lovely pink lips were lifted into a smile that had a small hint of nervousness. But what struck Hannibal most were his eyes. The dim light of the dreary bedroom did them no justice.

The Alpha willed himself not to stutter. “You look even lovelier.” The Omega's eyes widened, but only briefly before settling back to a calculatedly unfazed expression. “Interesting,” was all he said.

The men continued to clean making sure to leave nothing behind. The tableau of Hera's Disciple was only touched to clean off his killer’s saliva and fingerprints. All the lights were turned off as the two men made their way out of the quiet home. They stood in silence basking in the quiet night air. Hannibal was glad it was cold.

“Do you….need a ride?” he asked.

The Alpha would forever refuse that the other made him nervous. The younger man looked at him, studying him for a few moments.

A slow smile formed causing the older man to shiver. The smile was predatory and yet gentle. “I’m afraid you'll have to be patient if you wanna learn my secrets darlin,” he said with a coy look, lifting a finger to his lips. “You’re gonna have to work a little harder for my heart, but for now you can have this one,” he chuckled as Hannibal nearly dropped the bloody bag thrown to him. Hannibal watched, mouth almost salivating, as the man he wanted sashayed off into the dark. He had to especially control himself when they looked back to give a small wink with their eyes seeming to shine through the night. The moon’s light finding a home in his deep blue eyes. When his tantalizing body fully disappeared Hannibal finally turned to get to his car using the walk in the cold night to calm himself. After arriving home a few new drawings were maybe possibly incredibly likely added to his special sketchbook.

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The psychiatrist was exhausted. Sleep was practically impossible as the constant sway of the mystery man's hips repeatedly haunted his mind. He would stare at the moon remembering how its light had nestled lovingly into his eyes. Eyes that looked at him so softly. Someone so dangerous looked at him so gently. He was almost giddy at the comradery of it all. Cleaning a kill with the one he had been looking for for years. The only individual he could possibly

imagine as his mate. A part of Hannibal wanted to show off, wishing things had been reversed where Hera's Disciple had stumbled across the Chesapeake Ripper making his art, but he would give anything to see the other at work again.

There would be time he prayed to himself.

For now there was a meeting to attend. Jack had called him in to possibly assign him an agent. The agent was Jack's own profiler. Apparently the man was brilliant, but incredibly affected by the means of his work. Haunted by images of kills due to being forced into the heads of those he seeked. Hannibal couldn't think of a patient's case that had intrigued him so much. He had never heard of someone with such a powerful sense of empathy.

He dressed in a nice brown suit wanting to make a good impression. It was always nice to paint a clear image on the first meeting, something he unfortunately somewhat failed to do with Hera's Disciple. At least he thought he did regardless of how the other man had looked at him. He settled on an easy protein scramble, mind drifting to the frozen heart in his storage. A part of him wanted to keep it forever. The other part wanted to consume it completely raw like Eve did her apple. He didn't know what he was going to do with it, but for now it would be saved.

The drive was quiet. There was no music that could help clear his mind today. He entered the building and made his way to Jack's office only giving polite nods in response to those that wished him a good morning. After a few knocks the door opened to reveal a tired looking Jack Crawford. The man stepped away gesturing to the other to walk and settle onto the dusty couch across from his desk.

Hannibal could smell the man's dread.

After both Alphas had settled Jack looked over to Hannibal. "I'm going to warn you now that Will is likely going to be a bit of a handful." An eyebrow peaked. "So his name is Will?"

"Agent Will Graham. My best profiler. Got a bit of an attitude that one, had to hassle him a bit to agree to this, but has a mind I can't risk giving up." The Alpha somewhat puffed with pride to have such a member on his team. "He's a bit distant though so it may take some time for him to even look your way let alone get him to talk." Hannibal simply nodded in response, taking mental notes. So far it was nothing he had never seen before in the average patient.

A little knock was heard and both men looked up. "Come in," Jack called, Hannibal finding it somewhat rude he wasn't standing up to get the door himself.

The door opened to reveal a scruffy man not much younger than himself. He was hunched as if defensive, eyes obscured by cheap partially smudged glasses. Hannibal saw the clearest signs of apprehension and nervousness, but could smell nothing which baffled him. In comparison to most his sense of smell was particularly strong and the contradictory information between his sight and smell left him somewhat baffled although he didn't show it. The man in the doorway shuffled and, for the briefest moment, the man looked up and Hannibal had to restrain a gasp.

He would recognize that shade of blue anywhere.

Chapter End Notes

I will do my best to update do not have faith in me as a writer and sorry if this is traaaaaaaaaash.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a flash of recognition. An ever so slight peak into his person suit.

It was gorgeous.

Quickly Will's face went back into indifference walking forward to take a spot on the other end of Jack's sofa.

“Not fond of eye contact are you?” Hannibal began.

“Eyes are distracting. You see too much, you don't see enough,” Will responded.

Hannibal found it interesting how Will had maintained perfect eye contact with him the previous night. A grin was suppressed at the thought that maybe he was just special. Jack Crawford remained ignorant at the fact introductions were partially unnecessary. The only contribution he made was giving Hannibal’s name to the other. They discussed Will's schedule with Hannibal as he analyzed the man as much as he could. It appeared that Will was very aware at one point and merely responded with a small warning.

“Careful. You might see something scary.”

Despite the warning, Hannibal caught a sense of playfulness.

He continued his analysis regardless, taking the warning as a weird sense of permission. A part of him felt it was useless, clearly, this was all an act and a well-constructed one at that. However, the other part wanted to take it all in for comparison. Who knows? Maybe there was some truth in Will’s act of deceit.

Briefly, he wondered how the meeting would have gone had he never seen the man the night before. Glorious in his slaughter and confident in his attack, standing triumphant over the spoils of his battle instead of hunched over in defense and defiance on the other end of a dusty sofa.

Will was the first to leave, giving a curt nod to them both. For a moment he halted in the doorway and looked back at his new psychiatrist.

“For the record,” he began with that same playfulness that only Hannibal seemed to detect, “I don't find you interesting.”

Hannibal smiled, completely willing to continue. He delighted in being invited into Will’s improv act in fooling their peers.

“You will,” was all he said in response with a smile bordering on devious.

There was the smallest flash of a smile, hidden from Jack due to the man being behind him at his desk. A smile simply for him and only him. Finally, he turned to take his leave, the door clicking somewhat roughly as a final act of his pretend rebellion at the meeting.

Jack gave a sigh, glad that the meeting hadn't ended with Will majorly pissed. "That honestly went better than expected." Hannibal merely gave a polite nod. With a quick look at his watch, he realized it was time to take his leave. "Well I'll be off then I have a patient in about an hour. Have a good day Jack," he said as he stood, dusting the remnants of the couch's stubborn fuzzies. Jack gave a quiet thanks and farewell as the man left pulling out some overdue paperwork with another tired sigh.

Hannibal made his way to his vehicle curious as ever at Will's game. He was usually the one pulling the strings and it was interesting and even somewhat exhilarating to now be a player. Not that he didn't have his own games as well. He wasn't the type to simply roll over and show his belly in the face of a challenge after all. Some music was put on to ease his mind a bit.

He was very aware of a pair of eyes on him as he drove away.

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Wednesday at 7:30 pm. That was Will Graham's chosen appointment time. Hannibal had been waiting for this, his ever-trusted patience serving him well. The heart in his freezer was still on his mind, a plan for what to do with it forming. He scoured his cabinets for the best wine he could offer along with his nicest wine glasses. He quickly smoothed his waistcoat at the sound of the doorbell.

The man he saw at his door was not the same man he had seen in Jack Crawford's office.

Will was standing straight in a fresh button-down and slacks. His curls were strangely neat in an unruly way, soft and fluffy. His glasses were gone leaving Hannibal with a very clear vision of his eyes.

Eyes that seemed to be very interested in Hannibal's left shoulder.

The older man gestured to the other to come inside. Quiet "good evenings" were exchanged. A seat across from his own was offered alongside a generous glass of wine. Will thanked him for the glass and sat, crossing his legs to get comfortable. If he noticed the way Hannibal's eyes roved over his legs then nothing was said.

"Is it fair to assume that your lack of eye contact did come from a place of truth?" Hannibal asked. Will took a sip of his wine still focused on the other man's shoulder. "Unfortunately, yes. I see enough on my cases and there is nobody I want to read after leaving one."

“Yet you never broke eye contact with me on our first meeting,” Hannibal said slyly. That earned him a genuine smile. “I would be lying if I said you didn’t make me curious Dr.Lecter. It was a new experience to look into the eyes of someone and realize I was being seen in return. Truly seen,” Will responded before taking another long sip of wine. “I agree,” was all Hanninal could say.

“So……you gonna ask me about my relationship with my ma or something?” Will was grinning, clearly continuing his game from earlier. “I would be lying if I said I wasn't curious,” Hannibal said ready to play.

“Awww,” Will gave a little tsk at that, “I expected more than you taking to such a low-hanging fruit Doctor Lecter.”

“I would argue that fruit is on quite a high branch given your abrupt dismissal alongside a refusal to answer.”

Will contemplated that for a moment. It was as if Hannibal had snagged his bishop with a knight in a game of chess, settling it dangerously close to his queen.

So Will moved his queen.

“Got anything else you wanna try hitting me with?” he challenged as he swirled the wine in his glass. “Betcha got nothing I haven't been asked before. Many have tried getting into my head thinking me some kind of psychological plaything. All of them bored me. So try to earn my interest doc.” He smirked behind his wine glass. He was playing cat and mouse wanting Hannibal to earn his attention. To prove he was worthy of it. Hannibal already knew he intrigued Will. Unlike many others, he had been gifted his eye contact at one point, but he knew Will wasn’t the type that went down easily in any sense. An Omega that refused to simply roll over and submit in the face of an Alpha, no matter how dangerous because he knew he could be just as scary. He held his secrets close and likely held his love closer.

And Hannibal wanted both oh so badly. Craved it.

“Well then my dear. If you want me to dive deep into our first true conversation then I shall acquiesce. Care to explain your tableaus to me?”

And that got Will to finally look him in the eye.

Hannibal gave a barely audible purr in response.

“Oh you play dirty,” Will said with a coy smile, “Well that’s not very fair to your predecessors.”

“It’s not my fault they weren't at the right place at the right time. Nor is it my fault that unlike me they were beneath you.”

Hannibal shivered at Will's responding purr. “Flattery and confidence are a dangerous combo. They’ll get you everywhere,” and with that, Will leaned in to continue in a whisper, “and earn you everything.”

The Omega purred once more when he pulled away as the Alpha leaned in. As if tempting a cat with a luxurious ball of yarn. Hannibal suppressed a snarl at Will taking himself away.

“They are my design,” the younger man answered. “My design is designated by my moral compass. What some call grey I call silver. I don't kill randomly like most. I target and stalk that which society won't miss. Those who harm others for sick pleasure. Those who only seek their own pleasure above all else,” his lips curled into a grin, “and yes I suppose some of that can be attributed to my mother.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow at that confession. “Care to divulge further on that?”

Will hummed, pretending to think it over.

“No.”

The Omega looked over to a clock hanging on the wall by Hannibal's desk. “I’m afraid that's our time,” he stated in an overly sweet tone. “Next time I would like to hear about you.”

The Alpha huffed a small chuckle, “I’m afraid you too will have to earn my interest.”

Will stood and sashayed over to the older man, leaning forward so their faces were inches apart.

“Oh darlin,” he whispered, “You and I both know I have much more than just your interest.” A small purr reverberated through his chest as Hanninal once again leaned in after him as he pulled away. With a small wink, he was out the door leaving the other frozen in his seat.

It took him a few moments to recollect himself and a few more to realize his desire had snagged his wine bottle on the way out.

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A new killer had made themselves known not long after. Hannibal accompanied Will for the first time to give insight into a scene. The damage was brutal.

Both men hid a scoff at how it was also sloppy.

The body was splayed out on what was most likely the victim's bed, cut open to reveal the man's poor insides. His ribcage was pulled open wide and in place of where his heart should have been was a photo. He had been found that morning by his mother who had attempted to visit for the weekend. A Beta whose name had been Richard Delisle.

“Is it one of Hera's?” Jack asked.

Will snapped on some blue gloves to look over the body. “No, the mating gland is damaged, but it’s still there.” He was honestly a bit perplexed. Clearly, this was a copycat kill. A sloppy

one, but a copy of one of his kills nonetheless. He reached forward for the photo in the man's chest. Unfolding it revealed that the photo was dirty and had been poorly taken. From what he could see the victim was at a bar alive and happy with the background showing a bar that Will recognized as the Dead Man's Drink. The man had a flirty look in his eyes and seemed to be looking at someone or something to his right. Unfortunately, the photo was ripped, hiding whoever or whatever he had been looking at. Will tried his best to concentrate.

He had seen this guy before.

"What do ya see Will?" Jack implored looking at the photo over Will's shoulder.

Will put the photo into a plastic bag to hand to the forensics team. Walking around he tried to get a feel for the room and the killer's steps. The carpet gave way differently beneath him as if he was wearing someone else's shoes. He looked down to see the victim cowering beneath him. His mouth was opening and closing rapidly, his eyes pleading. Will felt something odd in his chest. He expected rage from the sloppiness, smugness at Richard's panic, or passion for the killer he had chosen to copy.

But instead, he felt jealous.

It confused him. As he walked forward that jealousy gave way to satisfaction as Richard lifted his hands as if to block something. Will could practically feel the knife in his hand. He could feel it against his palm as he gripped and ungripped the handle repeatedly in anticipation. The killer had been lazy, stealing it from the victim's own kitchen. The stabs were inexperienced and experimental. The killer was righting what they thought to be a wrong.

He snapped back to himself when he felt a gentle tug on his shoulder. Will's head swiveled over to see Hannibal was the one who had pulled him back to his mind and body.

"Apologies Will, but you were about to step on our victim."

Will looked down to see that his feet were close enough that one more step would have caused him to step on the corpse's stomach. Jack walked over soon after Will had had time to collect himself and after a whispered thank you to Hannibal Will began listing off the details of what he had felt and seen.

"This was a kill of passion. Most likely jealousy, but for whom I'm not 100% sure. Whoever was in the torn-out part of that photo could very likely be our next victim, the subject of that passion, or both. This guy most likely killed for our mystery individual."

"Do you think it could've been a scorned lover or something? They found out their partner was flirting with someone and took out their new fling?" Jack questioned.

"No," Will combed a hand through his hair trying his best to think, "I think we've got a lovestruck stalker. This photo was taken at a distance, in fact, I think it's from outside the building meaning he was looking through a window. It's also slightly blurred meaning they took it quick as if to not be caught. Not to mention the fact they took out our secret friend's

side of the photo.” He looked back at the body on the floor. “He gave Richard's heart back to him. By force,” Will mumbled quietly.

Jack gave a nod of dismissal, turning back to the forensics team to focus on gathering any evidence that could help lead to an identity of Richard’s romantic executioner.

Will turned to Hannibal.

“Care for a quick session Doctor Lecter?”

Chapter End Notes

yee diddily dee I hope you guys are enjoying this I'm a little antsy with this one

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal nodded and the two men proceeded to make themselves scarce. Will had arrived on his own so he took his car instead of riding with Hannibal, much to the disappointment of the older man. After arriving at Hannibal's home Will settled into his seat as the other went to get some drinks.

“I think I was the other person in the photo,” Will said suddenly, his eyes not focusing on anything particular.

Hannibal nearly broke the glasses of water he was carrying over.

“Why do you say that?” Hannibal questioned, hoping he didn't sound bothered at the idea another was trying to grasp at something that was his and his alone. Will did his best to hide a grin. Even though he tried his best to hide his tone, Will heard it clearly. “I recognized the victim. He tried to flirt with me last week at the bar as I was scoping for Harold. Shame, he was a sweet guy.”

And Will actually did feel bad for the man. Richard had clearly been lonely and even though they talked little, Will was able to tell the Beta had been going through a bit of a rough patch. He didn’t deserve to die the way that he did. “I had a feeling I was being watched. That photo was probably taken before I turned around considering it was pretty blurry.”

Hannibal placed Will's glass down.

Probably a little harsher than he intended, but regardless, he sat in his own seat and drank to clear his throat. It had gone a bit dry since the Omega's hypothesis.

“Is there anyone else you know that has shown interest?” Hannibal asked, ready to make a mental list for his next hunt.

“Oh doctor if I were to say we'd be here all day,” Will teased. The way the Alpha's hands squeezed his armrests did not escape him. “However,” he continued a bit more seriously,” None of them made me wary. Nothing about any that I remember appeared capable of doing what we saw today. This one has been watching from a distance for a while.”

Hannibal's Alpha instincts were kicking in and he made a note to keep Will close until this killer was caught. “Would you like to talk to Jack about possible security?” he inquired. “Actually,” he realized, ”Why did you call for this session instead of giving your hypothesis to Jack?”

“I have a feeling he wouldn’t let me on the case if he knew. Besides the Will Graham I gave him wouldn't dare even entertain the notion that someone found him remotely attractive.

Especially not enough to kill for him. Plus," he continued while popping his knuckles as he stretched, "I am very capable of dealing with some lovesick idiot."

While Hannibal did admire his confidence and believed it was well deserved, a small part of his hindbrain wanted to be the man's guard dog. The Alpha in him wanted to protect him. With his life if necessary. Will seemed to detect the man's distress and his face softened. "I'll be fine Hannibal," and oh did Hannibal feel a lovely tingle run down his spine at Will's casual use of his first name, "But if it would put you at ease then I wouldn't mind you remaining close."

The doctor seemed to relax at that. The tension gradually left his shoulders. "So," Will announced with a light clap of his hands, "Now that that's out of the way I think I'll be off. I've got a class to teach in about two hours. Try not to miss me too much doc." Before the other could even stand the profiler was out the door.

Hannibal let out a tired sigh. He really didn't want to wait until next Wednesday for another appointment.

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Once again at 7:30 pm on a Wednesday evening Hannibal opened the door to Will Graham. Another bottle of wine had been prepared, noticeably kept much closer to its owner. They both settled with their glasses into plush seats wondering what would be explored today.

"If I remember correctly," Will professed as he swirled the crimson liquid in its glass, "I wanted to learn more about you this time Dr.Lecter."

"And as I recall I said you would have to earn my interest Mr.Graham," Hannibal responded, mindlessly mirroring his companion's actions. "I believe there was a rather quick confession of your mother being related to your design."

The Omega gave a gentle laugh. "I suppose I did and I have a feeling you won't let up till I explain huh?" Hannibal simply smiled. His curiosity held in place with a stubborn confidence. "Well I suppose you are supposed to kinda be my therapist and where else to start dissecting me than my roots," Will said after thinking for a few moments. He knew he didn't actually have to. He meant what he said when he told Hannibal he clearly had much more than his interest in the palm of his hand. It didn't take an empathy disorder to know the other was clearly wrapped around his finger. Besides, nothing had truly been set in stone about their doctor-patient relationship. No paperwork, just a promise grunted to his boss to arrive on time and talk through his issues.

"I didn't know her that well. She died when I was young," he revealed. A part of his voice actually sounded a little sad. "Pa was known for being the town playboy. Many Omegas would run out the door the next morning before ma came back from her graveyard shift. When he wasn't fucking half the town my pa took me fishing 'cause he was unemployed."

Suddenly he froze and Hannbial tensed in response. “Once an old family friend of his came along. He left me with him in the car to pack up the boat and supplies. He was meant to help me practice tying a line. Something. Something happened. He told me I looked like ma did when she was young. He would always remind me we had the same eyes when he visited.” He shook himself to be free of the memory. “She tried to get a divorce, tried to escape with me when pa didn't believe me. She, in my pa's words, ‘ran off,’ but I knew better. At midnight I'd sneak to the old oak tree in the woods and place flowers for her.” The profiler's eyes were distant as he recounted his childhood. Suddenly they came into focus and a sinister smile curled onto his lips. “When I was old enough pa’s friend was my first. I let him inside me like he wanted…..alongside the mashed potatoes and green peas pa had made one night. Said it was a rabbit I hunted. That was his final meal before I tore out his throat and I gave his mating gland to ma as a gift.”

Hannibal was honestly surprised Will had divulged his story to him so quickly. He had expected more sarcastic teasing and tactful playing. Of all things, he hadn’t expected this. “Will……Will I'm so sorry,” he replied, not knowing what else to say. There were a few moments of silence until he finally said, “I am very grateful for you telling me, but I must confess I am confused. Why did you tell me all this so easily? Why do you trust me with such sensitive information about your suffering?”

Will seemed to think for a moment. A palm came up to rub his tired face. He looked the other in the eye as he stated, “I won't deny it's nice to have someone know. To feel seen. You make me feel…safe.” He smiled again, but this time it was soft and kind. It made Hannibal’s heart quicken. Will purred as if he could hear it. “Care to give your secrets to me?” he asked, tilting his head. “Do you trust them with me as I have you?

Something about the Omega made him want to confess. Made him want to fall to his knees and spill everything for this was the first time he had also felt seen. To give everything to someone who finally understood his mind and to not be alone in his own head.

“I had a sister once,” he began before he could stop himself. “Mischa. She was beautiful. We lived a wonderful life until they came.” He could feel the plush of the chair give way under his nails. “Hateful people. Nazis. They murdered everyone I loved. They were a scattered remnant of Hitler’s old cult, still alive even decades after his death. To this day I don't know why they kept me alive. Maybe to torture, maybe to use as cannon fodder. They tore apart my dear Mischa. They forced her down my throat and I swallowed. Consumption was one of the last ways I could show devotion to the scraps of my bloodline. The finale was the hunt. I tore through as many as I could. Anyone who wore the symbol would fall in the name of Mischa Lecter.”

Hannibal suddenly jolted as he felt something rub against his cheek.

He hadn’t realized he was crying.

He looked up to see watery blue eyes. It was like an ocean of horrible memories being drowned in a comforting allegiance. He studied the tears that clung to dark lashes. Will continued to rub the tormented man's cheek and smiled as he leaned into his touch. Hands reached out in a shy offering and were accepted in kind. The psychiatrist was gently pulled to the chaise. His body was pliant as the other moved him how he wanted. His head was laid

onto a warm lap, face towards his desire. Will stroke Hannibal's hair. His touch incredibly soft as if he would break.

Together they made a beautiful broken tea set.

Together they cried for what life had taken.

Together they held one another, thankful for what life had given.

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Maroon eyes opened surrounded by a slight crust of gunk. He rubbed it away and looked up to see Will Graham leaning on the armrest of the chaise, his hand still in Hannibal's hair. He smiled and nuzzled into the other's stomach, delighting in the quiet giggle he received. Will straightened up as he awoke and Hannibal proceeded to sit up to properly look at him. They smiled at each other. A wave of relief and understanding passed through. Hannibal was surprised but quickly eased as Will leaned forward to touch foreheads. They both closed their eyes, relaxing at each other's touch and scents. The older man wanted to lean further for a kiss, but he understood now was not the right time.

There would be time for ravaged kisses and carnal pleasure. Now was the time for gentle caresses and sweet comforting purrs. “It has gotten late. Would you like to stay for dinner,” Hannibal asked. The Omega leaned back and his eyes gleamed at the invitation. “Sure. Let me call a friend real quick to feed my dogs.” He looked shy for a moment, the expression very foreign to his face. “Would ... .would it be alright if I stayed for the night?” he asked. A purr echoed through the room at the resulting yes.

They separated so Will could make his call and Hannibal could start on dinner. Tonight he would settle for a beef pesto pasta. The beef was a woman who had attempted a dine-and-dash out of a family restaurant a couple of weeks before. But then he stopped himself. Quickly the plump thigh flesh was moved back to the freezer and the heart that had clouded his thoughts for the past few days was pulled out instead. He held it in his palm as if it were an apple, contemplating whether or not it would be a good choice for the meat of the dish.

Hannibal turned at the sound of footsteps and Will paused to look at the organ being caressed in the older man's hand.

“Ah, it's the heart I gave you. Do you intend to offer it to me tonight?” Will asked, his playfulness having returned.

“Do you wish for something else?” Hannibal wondered. “No,” the Omega walked forward, wrapping his arms around the other man. “It’s perfect. You give this heart back to me so I can properly give you mine tonight.” A feather-like peck was placed onto the frozen Alpha's lips. Once more there was that desperate lean in that left him wanting more than the faint scent he was left with. Will gave him a light pat on the shoulder as he laughed.

Sometimes the Alpha could be quite cute.

“I’ll get out of your way. I'm kind of a clutz in the kitchen. I'll set the table and skim your library while you cook,” he added.

“I can always teach you,” Hannibal suggested while wrapping his arms around Will's waist, not yet wanting the other to leave his sight.

“Maybe another time,” he promised. Will kissed the chef's cheek and went away.

Dinner was prepared with speed and expertise. A delicious Sauvignon Blanc was poured and paired with the dish. Hannibal purred as Will gave a small moan as the flavours melted onto his tongue. The man had never tasted anything so amazing in his life! Will offered to wash the dishes and in the middle of his cleaning, warm hands made their way once again to his waist. Soft and gentle canines nibbled at his neck and suddenly the dishes weren't that important. The two exchanged kisses that left them fuzzy and faint touches that left them sharp. Their minds went in and out like a camera having difficulty focusing.

The younger man was lifted before ascending the stairs, a little giggle spilling out at the other's unsubtle eagerness to get him into bed.

Neither noticed the eyes following them from a far-off window.

Chapter End Notes

please please please go support this fannibal who makes the cutest hannibal merch! currently they are trying to figure out how to ship out of china and they need more bites so they can reach the quota to start proper production

https://twitter.com/riddle_bony

btw i also have the tweeter

https://twitter.com/BananaButterBoy

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

surprise bitches i put an anatomy lesson before the smut

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alphas, Betas, and Omegas each have similarities and differences that have continued to fascinate biologists as science has steadily advanced beyond using leeches and animal bones for a simple head cold.

Each individual has a sex and a secondary gender. Each is born with a second gender with sexual dichotomy differentiating whether or not the individual is male or female.

Omegas are identified by their vaginas. Male Omegas are recognized via the enlarged clit that bears a strong resemblance to an Alpha's penis but is much smaller. This led to professionals referring to it as a cocklette to further help identify between the two variants of Omega.

Betas, regardless, are born intersex. They are identified by their differences in estrogen and testosterone levels, females with higher estrogen and males with higher testosterone. It is noted later in life that female Betas have a higher fertility via being impregnated while males have a higher fertility via fertilization, both by 20%. Betas in general however have a lower fertility rate than their Alpha and Omega counterparts by 45% due to a lack of heats or ruts. This has led many Betas to be in the medical field as they are the least likely to trigger either and remain more focused in comparison.

Alphas are identified by their penises. Female Alphas differentiate by having a slit where their genitals reside within them only making an appearance to urinate or when heavily aroused. They also tend to have smaller testicles in comparison to their male counterparts.

Unlike Betas as mentioned before, Alphas go through ruts while Omegas endure heats. Ruts and heats are when both are at their most fertile and, at an individual's best in terms of health, occur at least 4 times a year. Ruts and heats can be deterred however due to stress, illness, or suppressants. Some medications are also known to affect these cycles so it is recommended to consult one's doctor before fully consenting to new medications.

All secondaries have pheromone-enlaced saliva. When two individuals have agreed to be mates they each bite to leave a mark on the mating gland, a gland located on the left side of the neck slightly above the scent glands. The saliva is then infused into the bloodstream causing the scent glands to release new pheromones of the couple's mixed scent to alert others of the bond. This however is not permanent unless reciprocated. Without the mutual bite, the scent and mark will only last a week.

Forced bondings, however, are not impossible and unfortunately not uncommon. Studies have shown that they are followed by major abuse often via threats of death, induced Stockholm syndrome, repeated sexual abuse, arranged marriages, and grooming between an adult and a minor. Due to medical advancements and the rise in Omega rights, however, there are in fact ways to terminate the bond. A special cream is administered to encourage healing while pills are given to clean the bloodstream of the other's saliva. Victims of abuse alongside divorcees and widows are allowed these practices and it is even encouraged by many psychiatrists to help individuals move on.

These practices also help with bond sickness. Bond sickness is an ailment that occurs with prolonged stress from a lack of attention from a mate. Although rare it can lead to death if neglected for too long.

Without these practices, mutual bites are in fact permanent. However, partners are known to scent mark each other and re-perform the bite at times to ensure other possible suitors that their target has an attentive mate. Scent marking is often performed via sexual intercourse at its most extreme and nuzzling at its most casual.

Despite evolutionary advancements, Omegas and Alphas can still be somewhat dangerously territorial of their mates. Medical professionals are trained to approach with caution and with many scent suppressants if necessary. Laws are aware and are sure to consider it when physical fights do happen, often labeling them as "crimes of passion."

In conclusion, our secondary continues to fascinate as scientists strive to learn more. We manage to be quite different and yet similar in the face of sexual dichotomy. Research continues to be steadfast for the betterment of each variant's health.

Essay by Frederick Chilton

Peer Reviewed by Alana Bloom

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Will was laid gently onto a large bed. His skin tingles at the feeling of the soft satin sheets. Hannibal climbed over, practically salivating at the rising smell of Will's slick. He wanted to consume the man beneath him. To savor him as if he were his last meal.

"You are gorgeous," he began, lacing praises between sweet kisses. "A being descended from sirens, a beauty evolved with time like how wine ages. They call you Hera's Disciple but you are clearly a being crafted by Aphrodite made to lure hearts to their doom. You've tattooed the sins of your unfaithful victims upon your skin and drank from their lovers' gratitude as if it were ambrosia. I put my faith in you and only you. Take from me everything for I am nothing without you." Hannibal looked up from the collarbone he had been nibbling to see

Will's cheeks streaked with tears, the Omega overwhelmed by the Alpha's declarations. The Alpha smiled, leaning up to kiss his tears away. “My sweet succubus,” he whispered. “I will remain faithful to you for no mortal lover could break me like you. You make my heart yearn and ache. The pain you give reminds me I'm alive and your love reminds me to savor it while it lasts.”

Hannibal would never admit for as long as he lived that when Will flipped them he had yelped in surprise. He looked up to see the Omega looking at him as if he had finally found water after days in a desert. As if he were a mirage that would disappear beneath his very fingers. Hannibal's shirt was grabbed and pulled forward into a kiss that threatened to consume him.

It was animalistic and desperate. By all definitions, it was carnal and motivated purely by primal need.

“You can't just say all that,” Will cried, “You can’t just do this to me and expect no consequences.”

“Then by all means,” Hannibal stated, strangely calm after such a borderline violent bout of kissing, “Take what you need. Show me the consequences of loving you so unrelentingly.”

Will gave another brutal kiss in response. He practically tore off their clothes with his nails. Hannibal would miss the vest that was ripped away, but its sacrifice would not be in vain.

The Omega didn't hesitate for a moment once his Alpha's member was free. With no preparation, he sat down causing both men to gasp and cling hard enough to bruise. Will keened at the feeling of Hannibal's nails cutting into his skin. Hannibal continued to dig deeper to restrain himself from taking him like his life depended on it.

After a few moments, Will began to bounce as Hannibal used his strength to help Will lift and fall onto him. Frantic hands grasped onto blond chest hair for more leverage. Hannibal managed to pull a hand away to rub at his bedmate's cocklette, enjoying the delicious whine he received in return. A few more thrusts and Will finally looked down at the man barely holding on beneath him. The Alpha looked up and his cock twitched at the sight above him, the younger man looking completely debauched.

“Take,” Will whispered, “Take everything.”

Hannibal's eyes widened and, with that command, flipped them back over to thrust at a pace bordering on punishing. He attacked the man's G-spot further encouraged by his beckoning moans and whimpers. Hannibal could feel his mouth salivate in preparation to bite and inject his pheromones to claim the one he had desired for so long.

“Bite me. Claim me. Just take my Alpha,” Will coaxed at seeing the other's hesitation

And so he took.

He lunged forward, sinking his teeth to the point of bringing blood. The Omega's blood tasted sweet. No wine could or would ever compare. His mind fuzzed at the feeling and caused his

thrusts to become sporadic. After taking his fill he retracted to gently lick away any remaining blood, a needed antithesis to his brutal thrusts. Before he could pull away Will lunged to take his own bite.

Their visions whitened at the sensation of the bond snapping together between them and both violently shivered as the bond caused them both to come. Hannibal's knot swelled and pushed in like a bullet and he weakly continued to thrust as Will instinctively squeezed around him.

More kisses were exchanged, less fevered this time, to soothe the transition into the bond. Nuzzles and coos of sweet words were used to calm each other through the aftershocks. Breathing soon leveled out alongside once rapid heart rates.

Hannibal fell to his side, wrapping arms around his now mate in reverence. They would be stuck together for a while and would have to call in from both of their jobs to take a short temporary leave to reaffirm their bond and begin moving in together. Hannibal already started making plans for where Will's dogs could go and where he could get the best possible toys, food, and beds. The sunroom downstairs would make for a nice room and with a few calls a doggy door could be installed so they could have free reign outside if either he or Will were busy.

He purred as Will snuggled into his neck, licking at his fresh new mark as if he could hear the other man's thoughts. After so many years of pining, the man he'd been looking for was in his bed, in his arms, and bearing his mark beautifully.

Hannibal swore to tear apart any who encroached upon his mate even though he knew he very likely wouldn't have to. Will knew how to take care of himself, and had been taking care of himself long before they had even met, but there was still that primal part of his brain that yearned for the blood of those who would willingly ignore their bond.

Unbeknownst to him Will was hoping someone would try just to watch. He was completely confident in his ability to defend himself. He had taken down Alphas much bigger than himself for years. However, there was a small part of him that had a bit of a small kink he wanted to try. The opportunity was perfect with his flirtatious charm and his Alpha's dominating nature. That could be explored much later though. Right now he enjoyed listening to his new mate's heartbeat as the other threaded his fingers admiringly through soft curly hair.

Everything was calm. Everything was right.

***

A being watched through a window at the new couple. A snarl curdled in his chest and he quickly climbed down before he wound up detected. The drive back to his home was chaotic,

the only reason for no accidents being that the majority of the population was asleep.

A door slam echoed through the night followed by the sound of furniture being thrown and various types of dishes breaking. The man breathed heavily surrounded by his rage-induced carnage. He refused to weep. He refused the possibility of the scent of weakness on his skin.

He exited the broken home to go to a shed in the backyard. He would clean later. It's not like anybody would be coming by. The shed was opened with a gentleness that wasn't there prior. He stalked inside and looked lovingly at its walls. The walls were coated in photos and articles. Various stories and photos screaming of the murders of Hera's Disciple. Photos of a man with blue eyes and brown hair were nestled between them. The man was never looking at the cameraman. All were taken from a distance. Sometimes out in a wide open space and other times inside a dusty house. The man sometimes had a scruffy beard. Sometimes he had glasses on.

The Alpha looked at them all with admiration.

Regardless of the state of the subject, from tired and freshly woken to sharp and well-dressed, he looked with adoration. He walked forward grabbing a torn photo to caress it like one would a lover.

This was merely a bump in the road to their love. He would save his Omega from the grasp of such a disgustingly inferior Alpha. He would bring his rival to his knees and present his heart to his darling.

He was an apex predator after all.

A hawk.

Chapter End Notes

i'm honestly surprised and super happy at the support this has been getting! thank you all so much and hope to further entertain!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Life began to settle after Hannibal and Will's incredibly eventful week. After getting an earful from Jack because Will would be out of commission for a while, cheers and money swapped between Zeller, Price, and Katz, and finally moving everything of importance from Will's house to Hannibal's house, they could finally simply sit and love each other.

Hannibal had been incredibly surprised at the fact that Will had not one, not two, not even three, but seven dogs. Seven. Each varying in size, needs, and states of shedding. But oh how could he deny Will anything?

Will’s pack accepted him surprisingly quickly. A bit of help may have been given with some well-timed meat scraps while cooking dinner. Winston had been the hardest to bond with considering he was closest to Will and did not take lightly the idea of Hannibal taking potential affection from him. He was also simply wary of Alphas in general, and very protective of his Omega master. He had seen the way some treated Will in the few times people managed to visit their very isolated home. But a few more meat scraps, head pats, and nothing but gentleness towards Will showed Winston that there was nothing to be worried about.

About time too. Hannibal found it quite unnerving that the dog would follow Will to the bedroom and watch them sleep for quite a while before leaving to rest with the others.

Finally though things were smoothing out. Will didn't request much, the biggest being the dogs. Will did however keep his home in Wolftrap. With a bit of cleaning it would become a nice home away from home when the city became too much. There was also a place to keep all his fishing gear and access to the creek for fishing weekends.

Hannibal leaned over and kissed Will's shoulder. The man smelled of strawberries from the body wash he had used during his shower before settling into bed.

He wanted to make a mess of the man beside him, shower be damned.

He heard a sweet moan when he placed another kiss and a few playful nibbles. Will turned over to look at him, eyes alight with need.

And who was Hannibal to deny him?

He brought himself up onto his hands, taking a moment to marvel at the sight beneath him. Will had a light blush on his skin and his curls were fluffy from having just been dried. The smell of slick was already filling the air. Will had communicated to Hannibal his cycle schedule and he knew they were mere weeks away from his preheat. The thought of sharing a heat with his mate practically made him drool. He knew neither was ready for children just yet, but it was nice to imagine Will swelled by his seed.

Hannibal leaned down to reaffirm his bite, nuzzling and licking the mark to ease the sting. He felt hands roving over his body and he hissed when Will coyly pinched one of his nipples. Hannibal punished him by leaning down once more to bite and suckle at the other's left nipple. The whines and mewls caused his cock to begin to drool with precome. When he finished he went lower down, leaving a trail of marks along the way. He enveloped the other's cocklette into his mouth while penetrating him with his fingers, delighting in the way Will keened and squirmed in his hands. The Alpha worked his tongue down to join his fingers in their excursion, loving the taste of the younger man's slick. Will came with a gasp and after calming himself sat up to gently push his Alpha back.

Hannibal watched as his mate began to experimentally lick at his cock, shivering in response. Emboldened, Will proceeded to swallow him down earning him a long desperate groan. Hands grasped at his brown curls and light thrusts caused the tip to bounce off the back of his throat. When the older man came he didn't let a drop go to waste. A kiss soon followed, both men spent and ready to sleep. They laid caressing one another. Will fell asleep first and Hannibal enjoyed watching the slight rise and fall of his mate's chest as he breathed. He looked beautiful, so calm, granted he looked beautiful all the time. He curled in so he could nuzzle into the man's neck and fell asleep surrounded by his comforting scent.

***

They wished their break could have lasted a little longer, but unfortunately, the world did indeed keep moving. New kills and new patients needed to be examined. They did however make room for each other. Occasionally they would drop by Wolftrap to walk the dogs or go to one of Hannibal's fancy events to mingle. As much as Will was uncomfortable being forced into a stuffy suit and conversations with pompous fucks who made it clear they disapproved of Hannibal's choice in mate it allowed them to survey new targets.

Not all members of the parties disapproved of the Omega and actually showed interest. And oh was Hannibal ready to slaughter when one offered a hand to Will for a handshake only to pull the other in so he could place a kiss on his knuckles. They would make sure to put the business card he had coyly handed to Will to good use.

Both men eventually settled on their waiter. Hannibal had decided to bring Will to a high-end restaurant only to sit and watch as their waiter flirted with his mate endlessly. The server was completely unapologetic as he gave Will all his attention, barely acknowledging Hannibal enough to let the man order properly. The Alpha excused himself to go to the restroom to allow his partner in crime to attain their server's number. As much as Hannibal wanted to kill tonight they had to wait and study. Will was much more patient and meticulous with his kills and preferred to check all avenues for alibis and opportunities to make the kill as swift and clean as possible. It made sense considering his work. A kill so mysterious that nobody would question when he found evidence hard to come by let alone suspect him.

By the end of the night, they learned the target's name was Samuel Betting. Hannibal decided he would make a lovely Italian tenderloin. He would take Will wine tasting this week to get his opinion on a good pairing.

***

Samuel Betting was found dead at 10:30 am on August 22nd. His roommate had found him after coming home from a party.

That was the information Will and Hannibal had been given when they arrived at the gruesome scene. They tried to hide their disbelief at the fact their new target had wound up dead before they could even learn he had a roommate. The kill was the same as Richard's. A poor parody of the kills of Hera's Disciple.

The kill was noticeably dirtier. The killer had been enraged with this one. Limbs were left barely attached, hanging on by loose exposed nerves. Lips had been torn from the man's face alongside the left eye. The torso was open like last time, but the cuts were messy as if the killer had drawn it out, borderline tearing them open with their bare hands. The heart was once again missing, replaced with a torn photo of the victim looking at something that could no longer be seen. This time however there was also a note.

“Don’t worry my love, I am coming to save you. I was a witness to your bonding and I knew immediately that it had been brutally forced upon you,” Will read aloud. “We can reverse this and set it right. Wait for me, my sweet birdie. Let this kill show I will never let anyone harm my darling birdie.”

Will felt a shiver up his spine at the written evidence of his stalker's delusion. He looked over to see Hannibal trying very hard to hide that he was seething. After telling Jack all he could they left soon after, feigning stress at the scene and the fact that Will's heat would be coming soon and they needed to prepare.

Will paced as his mate went to fetch them glasses of wine. It was much too early, but they both agreed that it was very much needed.

Hannibal was doing his best not to break the glasses in his hands before he could hand one to his distressed partner. He watched as the man chugged it and handed it back. Usually, he would automatically refill it, but given the time it would be best to stick to just one. They both sat side by side on the chaise, Will's head in his hands and Hannibal taking polite sips.

“He’s gonna be targeting you next,” Will finally croaked out.

Hannibal responded with a quiet hum. “And my dear? Do you think I won't be able to handle whoever this is?” Will slowly leaned back to stare at the ceiling, enjoying the way the alcohol

seeped through his veins to calm his nerves. “It’s not that,” he said as he looked over. “I know you can take down anyone. You're at the top of the food chain, but I can't help but worry. Call it instinct, call it love, I don't care, I'm just worried.”

Hannibal put his wine glass down to lean forward to kiss his Omega's forehead. A purr reverberated through his chest to help soothe his partner. Will soon reciprocated with his own, relishing in the harmony they created.

“I would be lying if I said that worry wasn't reciprocated,” Hannibal finally replied. “I know very well you can deal with this parasite, but life can be unpredictable and I wish to risk nothing.” Will snuggled into his Alpha's neck and a slow smile crept onto his face. “Maybe we could turn this around for some fun.”

Hannibal moved away to look at him in confusion. Will responded by crawling into the older man's lap. “Maybe you could rescue me? Show off a little?” He tilted his head playfully enjoying the way his Alpha's eyes darted to his mating mark. His mate remained silent, waiting for him to explain. “Maybe I've got a small kink in mind. You can be my knight in shining armor. Show me how much you love me by ripping him apart in front of me.” He grabbed the besotted man's vest and pulled him forward so their faces were inches apart. “I want you to wreak carnage wrought by protective jealousy as my loving beast and to fuck me amongst his remains like a spoil of war. And then you can eat his heart as the light fades from his eyes with the knowledge he could never have me, not even in death through the intimacy of consumption.”

Hannibal growled low in his chest, hands gripping the younger man’s waist. There was something so primal in the suggestion.

It was a desire deep and archaic. The suggestion nagged at his brain despite the years of evolution and advancing education telling him it was too risky. And he knew it was the same for his Omega although the bulge against his thigh said otherwise. He knew he was afraid, could smell it, but the arousal peeking through was too much to ignore. There was a desire to claim and be claimed. To have a witness. They may be a civilized population now, but sometimes the mind oh so very much missed the wildness of who they once were. The dirty passionate sex between wild and free figures earned through pure strength and cunning for the sake of desperate obsession so deep it led to a mutual ownership of mind, body, and soul.

They were both skilled killers and strong enough to take down most if not all and could set up plenty of precautions. Their stalker had already shown he was sloppy and too focused on Will to potentially notice much else. They could lure him in easily like a fly to a web.

He was pulled from his thoughts as the other ground his hips against his, whining for his attention.

“Come on Alpha,” Will whispered, “Let’s play a game.”

Plans could be made later. They would prepare to turn the tables after they had a moment to take pleasure in one another.

This was going to be very interesting.

Chapter End Notes

will wishes to cause problems on purpose

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's heat was approaching. Hannibal could smell it and had to try his best to keep his hands to himself so he could focus on his work and preparations for their trap.

He failed quite a couple of times to Will's amusement.

Both became more aware of being watched as the days went on. Either they were becoming more diligent or Will's stalker was becoming more obvious. There were moments when they thought they could see him. Little moments where a shadow moved in the corner of their eye before they could fully turn. They could feel his anticipation and rage sometimes, Hannibal taking those opportunities to make a show of being especially affectionate with Will. He would smirk into Will's hair when he thought he could hear a quiet growl nearby.

They both had a feeling that the stalker could also begin to smell Will's preheat as it steadily grew stronger. The Omega decided to stay home after a while after some turned heads led to some territorial confrontation. He considered using scent suppressors, but he was having way too much fun watching his mate steadily lose his composure. Hannibal was well known for being poised and patient so to see him fall apart from his mere presence was very enjoyable.

There was a feeling the copycat would try to attack in the midst of Will's heat, completely unable to resist his senses to claim. Will was actually kind of excited at that thought. Hannibal covered in blood in the throes of murder was one thing, but Hannibal covered in the blood of a suitor, brain completely fogged by rut was another. He would get to see his mate at his most animalistic. His beast would fully shed all of his person suit leaving behind nothing but a being of pure instinct to fight and fuck. The thought was very arousing.

There were many precautions prepared. Knives were hidden around the house so neither was ever without a form of defense. Various decorations were strategically placed so they could be thrown for a distraction. Will and Hannibal even practiced getting out of various forms of bondage although the punishment often diverted the focus and the purpose of the predicament.

Despite the distractions, progress was made.

In between practice and prep, Hannibal had to go to work. Sessions took place at his office away from home so Will wouldn't be bothered and he was often called away to give insights to Jack due to his usual profiler being out of commission. While the Alpha was away Will would snag his tablet to go through his search history, deciding a gift was in order for all of his efforts. A part of him was immensely embarrassed, but it eased when he reminded himself that it was for Hannibal. He knew the older man wouldn't laugh at him, that he would probably fall to his knees at the sight of him regardless of what he wore as long as it was next to nothing, but anxieties weren't exactly ever reasonable.

When Will felt that familiar warmth one morning after his mate had left he knew it was time. He checked on his dogs, all curled and napping together in a big pile. Winston was the only one to rise, being able to sense his master's anticipation. He received some kisses and head pats, following behind as his owner checked on their automatic feeders, self-cleaning water fountain, and sturdy doggy door that led to an expansive lush backyard. Will smirked to himself at how spoiled his babies were. If they could speak they wouldn't have to ask for anything. Hannibal had spared no expense on his pack with plenty of toys, plush beds accompanied with matching cushions, and even a heater for when it got cold. After some soft pets to the rest of his pack and one more kiss to Winston's forehead, he left, being sure to close the door as quietly as possible so as to not startle the sleepy puppy pile.

He spent the rest of the day prepping their nest for the next three days. Hannibal had prepared a bunch of food that could be easily heated up and bought a large pack of water bottles. Will moved them up to the bedroom to put into the mini fridge for easy access between rounds. He then unplugged the microwave to bring it up as well so they could heat the food. Will had already struggled to convince his Alpha to have the mini fridge, but he had absolutely put his foot down at the suggestion of a bedroom microwave.

After everything they would need to stay hydrated and well-fed was stored away he began making his nest. As if to make up for the lack of a bedroom microwave, Hannibal had gone out and bought some of the softest blankets and pillows he could find for Will to use. The Omega rubbed each item against his cheek to feel the amazing fabrics while also allowing his scent to seep in before placing them down. He sneakily also made sure to grab a few of his and his mate's clothes to add to the grand pile. When he was satisfied he climbed in and rolled around as a final touch. He couldn't wait for his Alpha's scent to join in and for how fun the next couple of days would be. Although he knew it would be better to wait, the idea of swelling with Hannibal's child aroused him. He had made sure to go in to get his preheat birth control shot and maintained his medication.

He got up and looked around to double-check everything before he decided it was all ready. The rest of the day was spent checking on his pack and cleaning the house. When the clock struck six he decided it was time to get ready. Hannibal had told him he might be a bit late since Jack had wanted to talk to him tonight. Some advances had supposedly been made in the case of his copycat.

Will climbed upstairs somewhat regretting his idea. Not the quite literal killer foreplay that would involve his creepy admirer but the thing he had decided to wear for his partner. He took a long warm shower to ease his nerves using a fruity shampoo and body wash since he hated perfume. Carefully he shaved his legs not wanting to accidentally cut himself. For a moment he contemplated whether or not he should shave the scruffy light beard he had started to grow back but thought against it. It was nice to have it back and Hannibal seemed to like it. When he was done he got out and quickly dried himself off. However, he did take some time to completely dry his curls, making sure they fluffed up the way his Alpha liked.

Now it was time for the outfit.

For a couple of minutes, he simply stared at it. The ensemble was sleek and sexy. Will briefly remembered some choice lyrics that the character Lucy sang in the *Jekyll and Hyde* musical

he saw in college.

“A silk and lace in black and red will drive a man right off his head, it's easy.”

It's easy, he thought to himself.

First, he put on the panties. They were soft and comfortable against his skin which was a relief because the material had looked kind of scratchy. Next came the corset bralette. Will didn't have prominent breasts like female Omegas did, but his pecs were big enough to make a slight cleavage when the bra was tightened and tied off with a blood-red bow. Then came the thigh-high stockings. He felt a little embarrassed at how his thighs slightly bulged out at the top. Hannibal found great joy in feeding him and it seemed to have softened him up a tad. A crimson sheer red robe was slid on making him feel like one of those widows whose husbands had mysteriously died. Finally, the outfit was topped off with dagger heels. With them, Will would be the same height as his Alpha if not a little taller. A part of him was slightly worried the heels would leave small marks on the wooden floors, but he was sure his mate would be too preoccupied to notice or even really care.

Will sauntered over to the bedroom mirror and any remaining nerves quickly melted away at the sight of himself.

He felt dangerous.

Sure he had gotten a bit soft in some places, but he still had lean muscle where it counted. Spinning around he almost didn't recognize himself. He felt like one of those dangerous women you saw in movies coyly telling the police that they had no idea where their mate could have possibly gone. He felt sleek and powerful in his body. Sometimes he felt self-conscious at the fact he wasn't built like the stereotypical Omega. Despite his pretty face, he was slightly taller with broader shoulders. Sometimes he was worried about not fitting the submissive and cute Omega look, but it seemed he still got plenty of attention being gorgeous and domineering.

What can he say? Some Alphas loved being stepped on.

Plus, as time had gone on, the stereotype had thankfully kind of died with more mature and sultry Omegas leading the charge in the industry as well as they led Alphas in the bedroom. Maybe he could count as a milf?

After admiring himself a little more he made his way downstairs. Luckily he was still as steady in heels as he had been in college. Some wine was poured and a book was grabbed to preoccupy himself as he waited for Hannibal to come home.

After a few pages, he felt himself twitch at the sound of the door opening.

Will smoothed out his outfit and put the glass and book down to stand up. Before he could fully turn around though a smell hit him.

A smell that very distinctly wasn’t Hannibal's.

It wasn't good wine and warm meals mixed with a loving touch of roses. It was dirt and sweat intermingling with obsessive objectifying desire masquerading as a poor man's love.

He fully turned to a stranger walking in. The intruder looked around giving a small impressed hum at his rival's house. When his sight finally landed on Will his eyes widened and he gave a loud wolf whistle.

“I imagined you in a lot of different ways but this,” his eyes roved over the Omega's body, “I certainly wasn't expecting you to doll yourself up just for me.”

Will felt gross at the statement, starting to regret what he was wearing.

“I’m going to assume you're the copycat that's been leaving me messy dead things?” Will asked while scanning the intruder for any weapons.

“Guilty as charged,” the man proudly claimed while lifting his hands up in a mocking manner. “The name's Matthew Brown and you,” his eyes roved up and down Will's body once more, “were meant to be mine Will Graham.” Matthew's face softened and he reached a gentle hand forward ignoring how, even though he was still pretty far away, Will took a step back. “I’m sorry I'm so late my birdie. I meant to make myself known sooner and I ended up allowing that brute to force himself on you.”

Matthew took another few steps forward and Will responded by taking just as many steps back.

“Don’t be afraid darlin I'm here to save you. I don't know what that monster did to you, but we can work through this. I can heal you, I can protect you,” he said, ignoring how the other was clearly trying to get away from him.

“You’re a special kind of stupid ain't ya? Delusional.”

The stalker seemed to pause at that.

“I’m mated, of my own free will by the way. What exactly is your grand plan?” Will questioned as he crossed his arms over his chest. He smirked at how the slight tap of his heels made the other man twitch.

“I know your heat's coming. I could smell it while I was watching you and I intend to fuck you through it like a proper Alpha. I'll fuck you in front of that bastard after I beat the shit out of him, I'll prove to you that I'm better.”

Will thought for a few moments. Then he smirked. “You seriously think you can take down the Chesapeake Ripper?”

Now that statement caused an interesting reaction.

He watched as the man’s eyes widened and then scrunched into a snarl. “That fucking bastard. I admired him. Hoped I could find him to be his protege only to find he took my fucking mate.” Will rolled his eyes at Matthew's delusion. “So,” Will continued, “What’s your plan now hot shot?”

He could practically hear the gears turning in the copycat's head. See the steam pour out of his ears as he willed his brain to work with the new information he'd been given as if it were an old computer simply struggling to connect to the internet. Suddenly though he smiled.

“Plan’s the same birdie. I'm a hawk. An apex predator, the top of the food chain. I'm the better man, the better Alpha and I'll fucking prove it."

Will couldn't help but roll his eyes once again. “And what about me? Do I get a say in this?”

Matthew shook his head, “Hera's Disciple would never admit to weakness. I know you're gonna lie to deny that fuck's effect on you. I know what your heart wants.”

The Omega subconsciously pulled the robe closer to cover himself as his stalker’s eyes became more intense. “I know what your heart wants, your brain's just been messed with, but don't worry birdie I'll save you.” He proceeded to pull some rope from his back pocket.

“I can fix this.”

Chapter End Notes

the next may be our grand finale! after this i intend to just add one shots in this sassy will series cause i wanna stay in this world and i have a couple more ideas for the adventures of hera's disciple and the chesapeake ripper

btw i have another hannibal story in the works after i finish the one i have for another fandom because they have been waiting a whiiiiiile

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was show time.

Will grabbed his phone, fingers lightening quick to call Hannibal. Right when he heard a casual “Hello” the phone was snatched and thrown at the wall, the impact breaking it to pieces. However, the message was already sent and Will was confident the Alpha would immediately know what was happening and make his way home as fast as possible.

For now, it was time to play the part of the distressed Omega.

Will was very aware of the stereotype that Omegas became weak and submissive when their heat was coming. In actuality, there were two types of heat-addled Omegas. The stereotype and the exact opposite of that stereotype, meaning that many could be incredibly violent and hostile. If it could be proven in court that a foreign Alpha had approached an Omega in heat without their consent, the Omega was often the one relieved of any charges for injuring or, in the most extreme cases, killing the Alpha. He knew his heat wasn't quite here yet, but could feel that desire to shed the blood of intruders in his territory. For the sake of the game, however, he would dull his violent urges.

That's not to say he was going to immediately roll over though.

He made a run for the kitchen causing Matthew to immediately give chase. His attacker managed to grab a hold of his wrist and Will proceeded to use his grip against him by turning swiftly and pulling him forward to kick him square in the nuts. He laughed as his opponent immediately went down, but was interrupted when his leg was swept out from under him. His head slammed onto the hard floor leaving him disoriented giving Matthew enough time to recover and climb on top to pin him down. Will clawed out despite his blurry vision using his weight to stay on his back due to the other trying to roll him onto his stomach. Despite his snarling and clawing Matthew was still careful with him somehow. He didn't attempt to hit him or yell, he was just focused on restraining him. Eventually, he took advantage when Will feigned exhaustion, flipping him to his front. When he opened his mouth to scream a cloth was shoved in with a strip of fabric following to keep it in place. Ropes were expertly tied around his wrists and when the creep deemed the restraints enough he flipped his victim back over to haul over his shoulder and carry him up the stairs.

Will gave some half-hearted struggles and sobs to make the act more authentic resulting in him wanting to barf when his ass was grabbed in a stupid attempt to “soothe” him. The Omega was lightly tossed onto the bed and Matthew worked fast to tie each of his thighs to his calves, making it so there was no way he could get up and run. Will glared at him as the other stood back to admire him, clearly proud of himself. He really thought he had taken Hera's Disciple down without any kind of crutch. Will wanted to laugh at his overconfidence. The intruding Alpha proceeded to reach forward causing the other to try to squirm away and whine, pretending to be afraid.

They abruptly both froze at the sound of a door opening downstairs.

Will tried his best not to smirk.

Oh, this was gonna be fun.

Matthew jolted when Will gave his best scream behind his gag to alert Hannibal of his location. His heart beat faster with every step he heard on the staircase. A warm feeling crept into his chest when he realized the steps were getting faster with every other click of the older man's shoes.

Say your prayers, big guy.

He could smell a sudden whiff of anxiety from his left. Both could smell the ever-rising presence of an Alpha on a mission and that smell was creeping closer and closer by the second.

The door slammed open revealing Will's hero. Hannibal's eyes immediately darted between the two and a low growl began to form in his chest. Will's eyes looked to Matthew and he had to suppress a satisfied purr as he saw in real-time the man be hit with the full weight of the realization that he had casually walked into some truly dangerous territory. Continuing his performance the Omega squirmed and yelped towards his Alpha, letting out muffled pleas and begging for him.

That was enough for Hannibal.

The man snarled and began to walk forward only to pause when Matthew, in a burst of bravery, grabbed Will's hair and tugged back to show off his throat. "Make another move and I'll break his neck in front of you." Will was surprised, if not ever so slightly impressed at their guest's boldness. He knew it was a bluff, but still.

"I'm taking back what's mine," he spat. "How dare you force yourself on what's mine! Throughout his heat I'll fuck him in front of you, show you who he truly belongs to and then I'm taking him home. I'll stuff him with my pups like a real Alpha." His voice went into a low purr as he gave a vicious grin. "Maybe we'll walk by your house once in a while, give you the privilege of seeing our beautiful children while my mate swells with more."

His grin grew practically manic at the growl he received. "But I intend to prove myself first," he continued. "So let's duel it out, buddy." He followed that statement by licking a stripe up the side of Will's neck, lingering on his enemy's mark, and coyly pinching a nipple through his bralette. Will would never admit that the shiver and yelp that followed were genuine responses. Finally, he let go and the Alphas began circling one another, waiting to either strike or defend. The air of the room tensed and as the two men stared each other down, steadily growing more savage, blood red swirling around dilated pupils. Will was getting excited at the charged display.

Matthew lunged first.

Like an idiot.

His attacks had no strategy choosing instead to go off pure instinct. Hannibal cleanly dodged to the side with an arm out to clutch the man's waist and throw him to the ground. Will wasn't surprised that Matthew was already down. Hannibal pounced and they scuffled on the floor, rolling around between punches, snarls, and bites. Will was delighted at the sight of a few red droplets gliding through the air and spotting the carpet. His mate could always easily afford another one.

Will wanted to tease some more. Make his admirers crave him to the point of pure bloodlust. He struggled with exaggerated muffled moans as if wanting to get free to join the fight. Both Alphas paused at his distress and watched as he conveniently fell over with a squeak, thighs spread and knees in the air. They watched as the lips of his pussy threatened to envelop his panties and salivated at how the Omega seemed to hump the air trying to get back up again. Hannibal quickly shook his head clear and took the opportunity to punch his rival square in the jaw.

That certainly got Matthew's attention again.

Will was able to sit back up in time to see Hannibal get a firm grip on the other man’s hair to bash his face against the wall repeatedly. Matthew sank his nails into Hannibal's hand until the grip loosened enough to free himself. He swiveled while grasping his opponent's arm to flip him over his shoulder so his back crashed to the floor. Hannibal let out a pained grunt at the impact, feeling dizzy. He snapped out of it quickly when rough hands wrapped around his neck to strangle him.

Suddenly however both Alphas froze. Will grew confused when both men slowly turned to look at him with wide eyes. It took him a few moments to realize they weren't quite actually looking at him. Well not at his face at least.

Then he smelled it.

His eyes slowly looked down to the slick that had begun to pool between his thighs. Underneath layers of Alpha pheromones fighting for dominance in all of their lungs there was a faint sweet smell like honeysuckles and fresh fruit.

Will’s heat had begun.

Behind his gag, he smirked and decided it was time for their game to reach its climax. He pushed out his chest, wiggling in clear frustration. With a small beckoning look under his eyelashes and a few more muffled whines, he knew the fight would be over in a matter of seconds.

Matthew made the terrible mistake of leaping forward in a vain attempt to get to the bed. Hannibal quickly flipped over and grabbed the other's ankle making him stop mid-air and bang his already injured jaw on the bed’s wooden footboard.

Will gave a small wince at that.

Their guest was dragged back, slightly dazed by the sudden jolt, but his head quickly cleared when he felt a polished shoe at his neck. With a little leverage and a subtle twist, a sickening

crack reverberated through the room. The Alpha beneath him turned slack and still.

Once again he was dragged, this time to be propped up against a wall facing the bed. Will recognized the look in the defeated man's eyes. He wasn't dead, but instead completely paralyzed. Hannibal quickly made his way to Will and when his arms were free he flung them around the other to pull him close. The fight had already made him excited as indicated by the slick staining the blankets, but the smell of his Alpha’s impending battle triggered rut left him almost dizzy with desire. His Alpha ripped off the bindings on his legs and climbed over him, teeth already sinking into his neck. The light remaining smell of Matthew caused a growl to form deep in his chest and Will gasped at how Hannibal bit even harder. Soon though soft kisses were placed alongside gentle hands that groped every part of him in an attempt to remove any remnants of his rival’s scent.

While Hannibal was staking his claim, his Omega enjoyed staring into the poor eyes of the paralyzed man leaning against their bedroom wall like a disposed doll. Will moaned at the feeling of fingers entering him as teeth tore away the bralette so that warm lips could suckle at his left nipple. Hannibal wanted to be gentle, but his rut left him desperate. The strong scent of his Omega’s heat was not helping by any means. Will gave a high-pitched whine as his mate swiftly and completely pushed into him. Hannibal couldn’t even wait for the other to properly adjust and nor did his love want him to before he began to start a brutal pace. The thrusts becoming even faster at the feeling of nails digging into his back.

Will made sure he was loud, not that he had to pretend. He could feel the older man's hips begin to stutter as he got closer to his climax. He enjoyed the way his swelling knot pushed against his entrance and moaned in relief as it finally penetrated him.

“Come for me my Alpha,” Will whispered, “My loving beast.”

With a few more thrusts and that quiet seductive permission, he finally came, the rush of his release dragging Will along. They spasmed at the sensation and held onto each other as tight as possible, leaving barely any space between their bodies. Hannibal continued to thrust weakly as Will lovingly squeezed around his knot, milking him for all he was worth. They cuddled until the knot deflated and both decided it was time to tend to their voyeur.

They had given him the honour of watching their lovemaking before his death. A final feast for his eyes to take with him into the afterlife. After Hannibal had cleaned them both with a warm damp cloth Will settled himself onto the foot of the bed, legs crossed to watch the finale to their play. Hannibal grabbed one of the knives that had been hidden around the house and walked over to crouch in front of Matthew.

Hannibal brutally stabbed his rival's chest, the other not being able to make a sound let alone defend himself. As he twisted it further he leaned forward, blood-red eyes boring into horrified brown ones, to whisper one last thing.

“He’s mine.”

The man's chest was torn open, heart grabbed and ripped away as if it were a ripe fruit being plucked off a tree. Hannibal held it in his hand for a moment before biting into it like Eve did her apple, staring down at the snake in his grasp. Brown eyes dulled as more bites were

taken, but before he could completely slip into that merciful sleep called death Hannibal decided a little more salt was necessary for his victim's wounds.

After all, he was a chef and every chef knew to be generous with their seasonings.

The Alpha stood to walk over to the fridge to grab a bottle of water. He swished the cold liquid around his mouth and when he was satisfied, turned to spit before pulling Will into a bruising kiss. Not even Matthew's blood would have the privilege of passing his darling's lips.

They watched as the light faded from his eyes. Hannibal quickly moved in front of Will as Matthew's eyes shot to the side in a last-ditch effort to see what wasn't his. The last thing he would ever see was his killer. The last thing he would ever see was living proof of his loss.

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Matthew Brown's body was wrapped in his killer's bedroom carpet before being thrown into a furnace located in the basement that was owned by the man he had loved in life. The brand of the carpet would be the only special thing about his burial. His remains would then have the honour of being used as fertilizer in Hannibal's garden and Winston would at one point grace what used to be his left leg with his piss. Matthew Brown was completely wiped off the Earth as if he had never walked on it. Nobody filed a missing person's report, not even his landlord as she had been more preoccupied with cleaning the mess he had left behind to salvage the rental house for as cheap as possible considering she wouldn't even get the courtesy of a security deposit.

Hannibal and Will lived as if he had never passed their front door. His name was never mentioned between them even when they joked about the memory. They continued their double lives. At one point they even seemed to notice the lack of desire to solve their crimes as their friends saw the patterns in their victims. Always people nobody would miss. Abusers, rapists, and sometimes even other killers. Jack still led the charge, but if anyone noticed the lack of interest from him or Katz, Price, and Zeller it was merely chalked up to the assumption that they were all tired.

The killer couple continued to enjoy their hobbies amidst the shadows, enjoying the fruits of their labor with delicious meals accompanied by expensive wines. Nobody was or ever would be any the wiser. Anybody that ever laid eyes on them would only leave with one fact.

They were and would forever be devoted to each other, love leaving them inseparable.

Death be damned.

Chapter End Notes

and there we have it folks! thank you so much to everyone who enjoyed this story I was so worried it would be a flop and be sure to look out for some one-shots I'll be adding to the sassy Will series since I have a few more ideas in mind for this au

yee diddly

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!